

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1904.

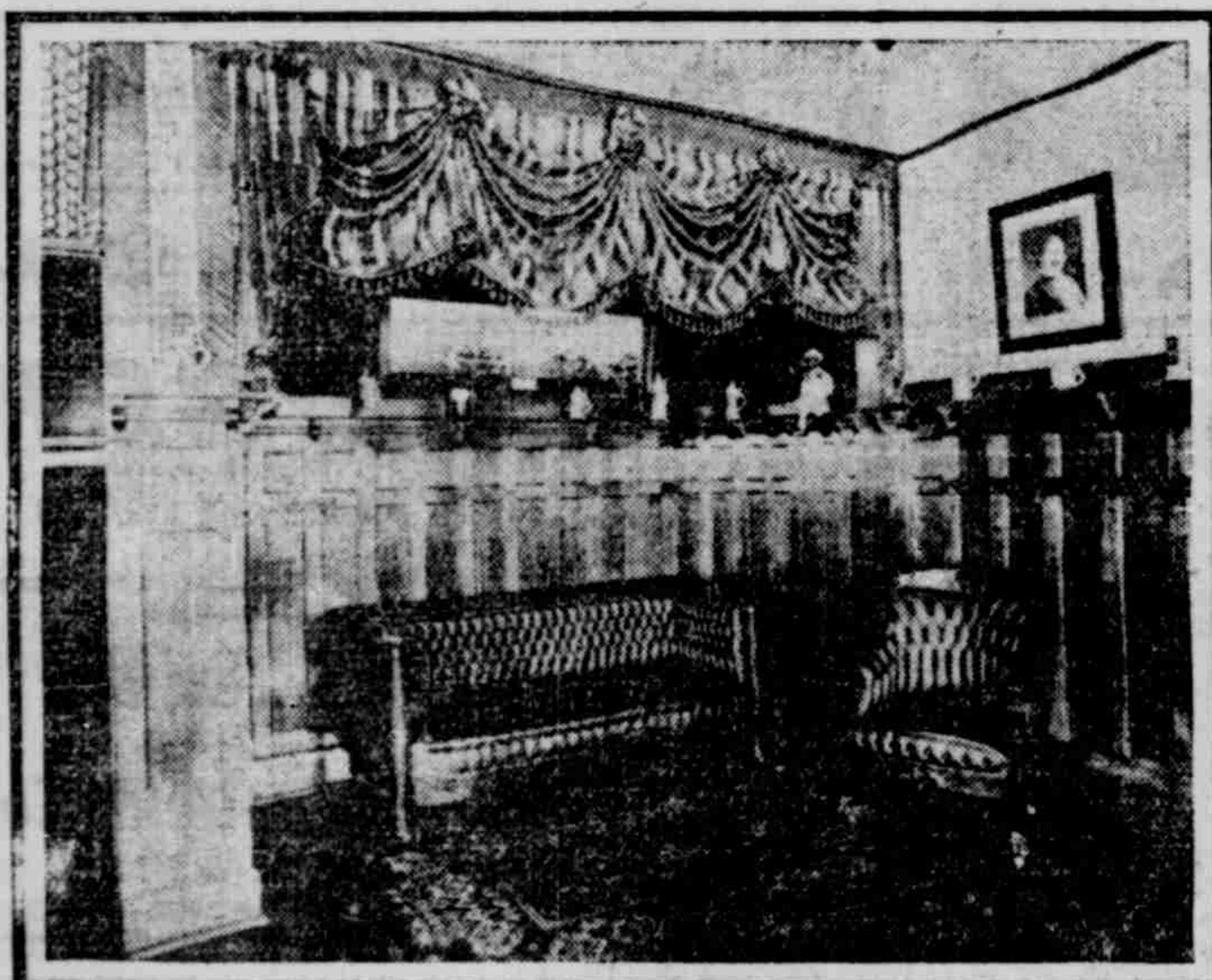
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Indianapolis Elks Take Much Pleasure In Beautiful Home

Their Convenient and Handsomely Decorated Quarters on Maryland Street a Favorite Resort for Members of the Order

THERE is one place in Indianapolis where political opponents can talk with each other for hours at a time without mentioning politics, though they may take up the fight again as soon as they close the doors behind them. No matter how bitter these men may feel toward each other when in the political arena, as soon as they walk into this building all antagonism or rivalry is forgotten, and politics, so to speak, is left at the door. This place of good feeling is no other than the Elks' club and lodge rooms, on East Maryland street. Quite a number of well-known politicians are members of this order. However, as everyone knows that brotherly love is one of the strongest beliefs of the organization, it is little wonder that these men forget their vocation when they enter its halls.

For it is a place where business cares are laid aside, and the members drop in from their offices and spend a social half-hour with each other often during the day. One member who enjoys the rest from cares and labors at the Elks is John Mitchell, of the Mine Workers. It is said that he likes nothing better than to come to the clubrooms, take off his coat and collar and necktie, go down in the bowling alley and roll the balls for an hour or more as fast as he can send them over the smooth pin-forms. When he has had sufficient exercise in this way he resumes his attire and returns to his work at his office much refreshed. There are a number of other prominent men, both business and professional, who like to get away from their duties long enough to have a short rest in a quiet and retired place. They can get off to themselves in an obscure corner with a book and a cigar and enjoy themselves in this manner, or they can take their pleasure in sports of a more vigorous nature, and bowl or play billiards, or, if they so desire, three or four of them can lounge in large, comfortable easy chairs, and with their cigars have a good, quiet talk and



A Cozy Corner in the Smoking Room

smoke together. And in this manner the members of the Elks take pleasure in their rooms between the times of regular lodge meetings.

The Elks' Lodge in this city is an extraordinarily prosperous body. At present it has a membership of over 600, and this is steadily increasing each year. The order here was organized in 1881, and since then its growth has been almost phenomenal. The local lodge enjoys a distinction that no other lodge in the country does, which is that two of the grand exalted rulers have been chosen from it. The first one was William E. English, who served a number of years ago, and the other is Joseph T. Fanning, who is serving at the present time, having been chosen in Baltimore last summer. The grand exalted ruler is the highest office that this order has, and he is the head of all the lodges that are in existence.

AN AMERICAN ORDER

This organization is purely American, and no lodge can be organized in any country that does not live under the stars and stripes. Lodges have lately been started in Hawaii, and it will only be a short time until they will spring up in all of the lately-acquired territory of the United States. The Elks is an organization which is purely characteristic of this country, and one of the strongest provisions is that it cannot be extended to another land. The total membership now numbers something over 100,000, which is an increase of over 27,000 members during the year 1902.

One of the most interesting features of this organization is the manner in which its benevolence is bestowed upon its members who are in need. It makes no promises, and therefore puts itself under no obligations to assist members, but it also has no limit on its charity offerings. If one of the members needs financial aid he simply makes an appeal to the secretary of the lodge, who brings it up at the next meeting, and the question of the amount to be given to this brother in distress is put to a vote before the whole lodge. When the member has been aided nothing is ever said about it afterward; no member of the order is permitted again to speak of the incident, and on no occasion is he allowed to say anything about it outside of the lodge rooms.

In speaking of this, one of the members said: "A man who needs financial aid, and belongs to this order, has simply to make his appeal, and the money will be given him, no matter whether it is \$10 or \$10,000, and if he happens to be in a strange place and in a predicament of this kind he goes to the local lodge, and the secretary there will correspond with the secretary of the lodge of which he is a member, and when he finds that he is all right the money will be forthcoming. As an illustration of how we manage our benevolence: Some time ago one of our brothers was taken down with consumption. The doctor said the only thing that would do him any good would be a change of climate. Now he was a man of family, and had not been very fortunate in this world, so poor fellow, he had no money to take him to another place.

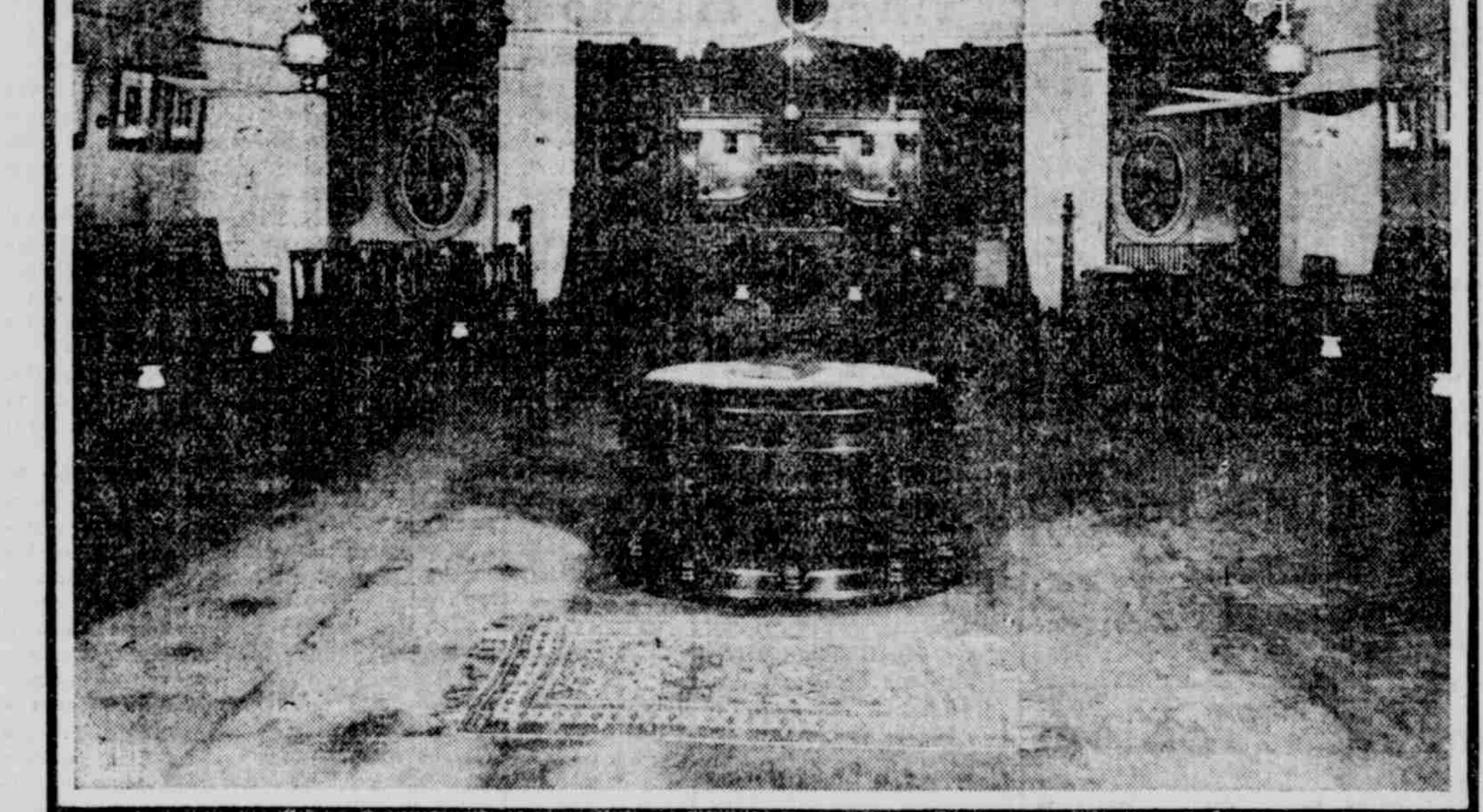
"The order heard about it, and sent him to California to a noted health resort, where he stayed for a number of months. All the time he was under the care of the

best physician the place had, but he was too far gone when he started, and instead of growing better he grew worse. This lodge notified the local lodge, and they saw that he had a trained nurse and everything that he needed. When he died his body was brought back, and he was given the best burial that money could provide. His widow had \$100 or so left when she wrote for the doctor's bill that had been paid, and poor soul, she didn't know that her little sum of money would not have paid a quarter of the account. Then she went to pay the grocer, and found that his bill also was settled, and she had credit for \$50 there. In fact, all expenses were paid so that she could start even with the world, and besides this, money was given her so that she could educate her children. But so far as saying anything to her as to where the money came from, it was never mentioned. She, of course, suspected that it was the lodge, but there was never anything said to make her feel that she was under any obligations."

HANDSOME CLUBROOMS

The club and lodge rooms of the local lodge of Elks are as handsome as any in the city, and far above the average. They are located in a large three-story brick building, and the establishment, including all the furnishings, represents an outlay of \$25,000. All of the stock was owned by individual members of the lodge, and this subscription is now being redeemed by the order. The place has been completed for three years, and at the present time over one-half of the stock has been taken up by the lodge. Many of the members, however, do not wish to have their shares redeemed, for they consider it a good-paying investment, as they are receiving 5 per cent., and have the assurance that if at any time they wish to turn the stock to ready money they can do so within twenty minutes.

When the local lodge definitely decided to build the new club and lodge rooms a building committee, consisting of nine mem-



The Lodge Room in Elks' Club House

A Natural History Study A JANUARY WALK

By Ernest Harold Baynes

A FEW days before the recent January thaw I started for a tramp through the snow-covered woods. The thermometer stood at ten below zero, but as the snow was so deep and the wind so cold, I was in good luck. I was getting through it made me glowing warm before I had gone half a mile, and when occasionally I got out of the wind the air seemed almost springlike.

Whether we enjoy winter or dislike it depends largely on whether we are prepared for it or not. Cold weather has no terrors for us if we know that we are not going to be cold in it, and half the nuisance of snow is gone if we are sure that we can go where we like without getting our feet wet; something of us don't. In other words, with warm clothing and a pair of rubber boots, or snowshoes if the snow is deep enough, there is nothing to prevent any healthy person from enjoying himself in the worst weather he can find. Some of the things which require some form of clothing which will permit free movement. With such clothing one can afford to dress lightly, for, as every cross-country athlete knows, a man can keep himself warm in zero weather with practically no clothing at all if he is allowed to keep moving at his best pace.

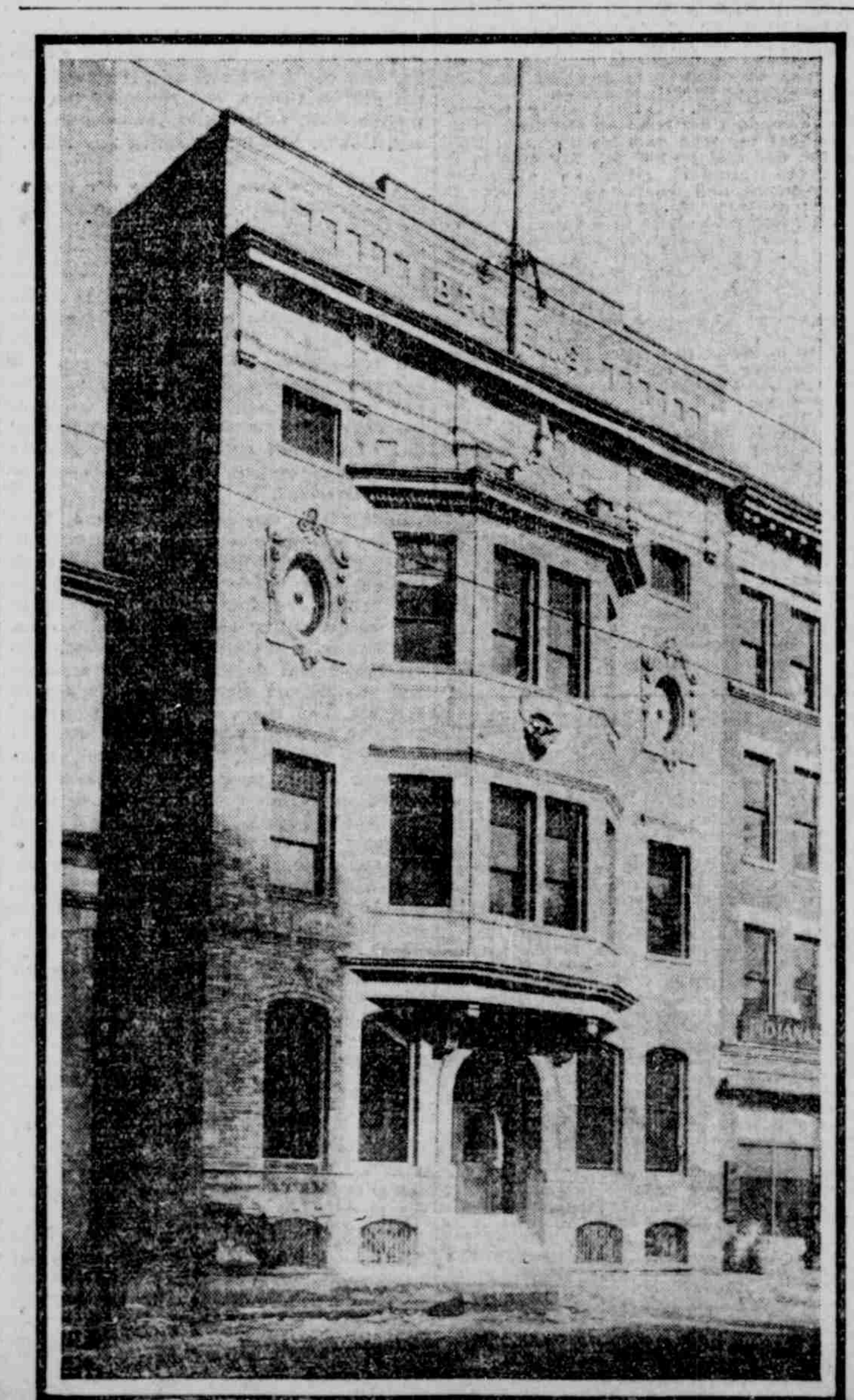
A pair of gloves, however, will go a long way toward making one enjoy a walk on a bitterly cold day. Not kid gloves, but a good pair, which allow for a generous air space around your hands, and with gauntlets which come over the cuffs of your coat and keep out not only the wind but the snow. And if you are going along alone in bad weather it is a wise precaution to tell your friends which direction you expect to be gone. When the snow is deep and the intensity of cold a sprained knee or a broken leg may mean death if assistance does not arrive in time. I know a man who limps in a blizzard, and by his superhuman grit dragged himself home for more than a mile on his hands and knees. He was hoarse, but his hands and feet were so badly frozen that they had to be amputated. But to return to my own walk.

I had not gone far into the woods when, in passing a low-growing wild apple tree, I noticed a hole in the snow, and a small animal had been disturbed in an irregular manner. It was furrowed, and here and there there were holes leading into little runways, which extended downward as far

as I could see. The holes were much too large to have been made by a meadow mouse, and quite too small for a muskrat, and I doubt if I should have discovered what animal had made them if the impudent head of a red squirrel had not appeared suddenly at one of the holes. He had a look of astonishment on his face, and a small apple in his mouth. He dropped the latter on the snow in front of him, but retained the former for about five seconds, and then, with a frightened squeal, he darted to the invisible regions below. The little apple, lying upon the snow, told a pathetic story of the little fellow's hunger and of his efforts to satisfy it, and I wondered if he had any sense keen enough to tell him that he was being watched, and that he was being watched by a human being.

But on I came to a stretch of half-open country, covered with barberry and other bushes. And here I found the paths which the rabbits had made the night before, and all along these paths the tracks of the bushes under which they ran had been cut off clean, as though with a penknife, by the sharp front teeth of the rabbits. And thus the snow, which had done the animals an injury in one way by covering up their food upon the ground, served them well in another way by lifting them to a height at which they could crop the tender twigs nearer the tops of the bushes. The grouse, too, had made use of the deep snow as a platform from which to pick the barberries. In spite of their natural snowshoes, the birds had sunk quite deep in many places, and their trail was little more than a gutter. And as I passed one of the bushes I saw an old bird's nest which had been roofed by a white-footed mouse, and as I touched a twig the tenant put his head out of the door to see what the matter was. But I stood very still, and presently he went in again, perhaps to curl up and go to sleep until the fall of night should make it comparatively safe for him to go out in search of food, and to leave his lace-like trail in the surface of the moonlit snow.

But the most delightful incident of my walk occurred when I was hearing home. A flock of hungry chickadees flew into a maple tree above me, perhaps knowing that I had something to do with the many square meals they have enjoyed this winter. One of them hopped to a branch close above my head, and I felt my pocket for some broken nuts. Taking off my glove, I extended the hand containing the offering, and I had his earnest attention in a moment. Down he came close to me, crying "Dee-dee-dee," and peering into my face with his heavy black eyes, as much as to say, "Is it all right? Come now, is it?" But without waiting for a reply, he flew upon my finger, calmly picked up a piece of nut, and flew back into the maple tree. With my finger delightfully tingling from the delicate grasp I went home feeling as though I had shaken hands with a fairy.



Front of Elks' Club House, East Maryland Street

Comedies of the Hoosier Capital

IX.—At a Church Supper

CHURCH suppers are very queer things. No irreverence is intended in making this statement, for everybody knows that a church supper has but little connection with sacred matters. There have been church suppers that were worth twice the amount demanded by the cashiers in charge of the finances, and then again there have been church suppers that have brought home to the good folks who attended them the unspeakable anguish to be suffered during a great famine.

Most of the local churches go about giving a "benefit supper" in pretty much the same way. The ladies of the church are divided into sections in accordance with the first letters of their names—from A to F, from F to K, etc., and all who belong to the section who turn it is to give the supper are expected to donate good things to eat and engage actively in preparations for, and the serving of, the big meal. The ladies of the section, which happens to be "H," always take great pride in outdoing all of the other sections, and some sections have become famous for the appetizing supper that they have provided.

There was a big church supper not long ago. Now, be sure to come to-night," said a little woman to the church ladies who were acquainted. "Our section isn't giving it, and I can't guarantee that it will be first-class in every respect, of course, but it will only cost you 50 cents and you will be contributing to a good cause. It's for charity, you know."

The male acquaintance went. He concluded that he might as well spend his 50 cents that way as any other. It is true that he had been arranging for a different sort of disposition of the money, but then, he argued, there are other 50 cents, and he might, by hard work, get hold of another one some time. Any way he went to the supper and took chances. And from what he saw there himself, and from what he heard, and from what he gleaned from others who were present, he is in a position to give a reasonably faithful account of that supper from its inception to its finish.

It wasn't the tip-top section that was giving the supper, but the ladies who were acting as the hostesses were bent upon outshining their more celebrated rivals. The one great fault was their lack of system and the determination of each one of them not to allow any other one of them to assume the dignity of commander general. "Now, you bring ham, and you bring oysters, and you bring cake," were the orders given; but nobody paid any attention to these orders. Each woman brought just what she chose to bring, and just as much or as little as she pleased. And so when the afternoon preceding the supper arrived, many women appeared upon the scene loaded down with baskets containing cakes, crackers, pickles, jellies, pies and doughnuts, but nothing in the way of substantial edibles. It was only through the most frantic hustling and bustling and endless telephoning that anything like a real supper was made ready for the expected guests at 50 cents per guest.

When 6 o'clock came, all too soon, the little kitchen adjoining the big dining room was filled with tired women, young and old, and all of them as cross as the proverbial bundle of sticks. One young lady, a new bride, who had asserted weeks before that she could make the best coffee that anybody ever tasted, had begged to be permitted to prepare that beverage, and it was decided to allow her to distinguish herself. At the last moment it was found that the coffee-pot leaked and so it was necessary to make the coffee in a large milk can.

"How many cups shall I prepare?" asked the young matron of several women who were surrounding her, each one of whom was itching to make the coffee herself. "I always measure it carefully, you know, allowing a heaping tablespoonful for each cup, and one for the pot."

"Well, my dear friend," said a sharp-tongued woman, "two pounds of coffee have been donated, and you are expected by some people—ladies who were told only yesterday to bring a pound each of coffee, and who turned up this evening with several bags of doughnuts—to make four gallons of the liquid refreshment out of the material you have on hand. I'd advise you to put in the two pounds and fill the can up with water. And the sharp-tongued one glared maliciously at these embarrassed young women who were fast retreating from the kitchen.

So the little bride did as she was told, as those who drank some of the beverage later on will bear witness. She filled the can with ice-cold water and then waited for it to boil. When it began to boil, she was a nervous wreck. Her hair was flying about over her shoulders and two lovely locks were glued together with the white of an egg; her white sleeves were brown with coffee stains and there was a patch of soot on her dear little nose. At intervals of three minutes some of the women of the section would swoop down upon her and demand to know "if that coffee was ready." They told her that some of the guests had finished eating and had left in disgust because there was no coffee. Furthermore, they told her that if she hadn't been so determined to prepare the stuff for her own peculiar way, they might have given her some valuable pointers. They asked her why she didn't put more fuel into the stove, although they could see well enough that the stove was almost at a white heat and that everything else on it was burning to cinders. But nothing seemed to disturb the calm serenity of that milk-can and its contents. However, when all hope was given up, the little bride peeped, discouraged and heart-sick, into the vessel for the seven hundredth time and discovered that a foamy scum had come to the top and that a thin steam was floating off. The

joy that Columbus experienced when he made his little discovery was as nothing to the ecstasy felt by the little coffee-maker upon that momentous occasion. She was seized with an ungovernable paroxysm of delight and was helplessly led away by her devoted husband, who was called in, starved almost to death, from the supper room.

"Now, just let me take a hand," chuckled a fat, elderly woman, with a knowing expression on her round face. "I'll have it boiling in a jiffy." Which, of course, she did, as the stuff was on the verge of boiling when she appeared on the scene. Throughout the rest of the week, it is said, she went about explaining to all who were willing to listen, how quickly that coffee had boiled after she had taken it in charge. But those who had tasted the coffee only smiled sickeningly and those who had not tasted it were not interested.

The mess and confusion around the little kitchen sink were very much to the disgust of men to drink—church-goers or not. One lone colored maid—the only one to put in an appearance out of the four who had been promised by their mistresses—was vainly trying to wash the dirty dishes as they were brought in from the supper room. A large pan full of cold, greasy water had been placed in the sink and around it stood four women, each of them ready to grab the first knuckle fork or plate or glass that came out of it half-way clean, and to rush back with it to some impatient guest who had been told that a full set of dishes and cutlery would soon be forthcoming.

In the supper room the guests who had come early were enjoying themselves, in spite of the coffee. The big dishes of chicken, cold ham, fried oysters and other good things looked as if they would never be exhausted. All of the seats at the various tables were occupied. In the big double doorway between the front hall and the supper room stood the late comers, waiting for the chance to get something to eat and gazing at the fortunate ones at the well-stocked tables with hungry eyes. When a guest would rise from the table, after having finished his supper, a half-starved new guest would take the vacated chair almost before its former occupant was out of it. And this leads up to the one great question concerning church suppers: Which would you rather be—the guest who arrives first and is compelled to eat while many greedy, envious eyes are turned upon him like a searchlight, or the one who comes in last and is obliged to watch the supper fast disappearing before he can get an opportunity to assist in the vanishing act?

Of course, the Funny Man was present upon the memorable evening under present consideration. Each church has its Funny Man. When the Funny Man has in sight he is greeted on all sides by cries of "Oh, there he is now! Come and sit at our table—we want to laugh." And the Funny Man, being a true humorist of the first rank, grasped this opportunity to score his first hit of the evening by saying that he would sit at each table in turn and make everybody laugh while he ate up everything in sight, which wasn't so much of a joke as everybody supposed, for if anybody got left on good things to eat that night it wasn't the mirth provoker.

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Feeling the funny point coming, and knowing in advance just how funny it was going to be, he became convulsed with laughter. He shook and shook and grew red in the face, and coughed, and then finally managed to splutter, "Well, now, just you bring me a bowl of oyster soup—and be sure—be sure there's an oyster in it." At this point he went into fits of laughter that almost suffocated him, and everybody joined in right heartily.

When the young lady had brought the soup and set it down in front of him, every eye was turned to see what he would do. Of course, everybody knew just what he would do, except the youngsters present, who could not remember having seen him do it before during the last seven years. He took up a fork and picked about with it in the soup, pretending to search each nook and corner in the bowl. Then at last, with a joyous yell, he held aloft to the end of his fork a single oyster.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he cried, and roared with mirth until he was blue in the face. And everybody laughed and laughed. He was delicious! The Funny Man. The pretty waitress was tickled nearly to death in the enjoyment of the fun. She carefully tilted a coffee cup and a stream of the watery liquid damped down Funny Man's shirt front, and also his enthusiasm as a wit.

The Rich Family was there, too. Every church has its Rich Family. Some churches may have several, but there is always one that leads it over the others. The Rich Family usually has an air of ownership and patronage when its members attend a church supper that would make the family of an English lord seem insignificant, and the "section" in charge of the affair always loses its head when the great folks put in an appearance. At this particular supper the "section" having no head to lose in the beginning, simply collapsed when the mighty ones turned up at a late hour when all of the tables were untidy and stripped of most of the best edibles.

The Rich Family belonged to the "section" that was presiding that evening, but having lost a good share of the supper, had declined to help serve it. The "head men" bowed to right and left with royal dignity as they appeared in the double door-

